

THE COMPANION,

AND WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

BY EDWARD EASY, ESQ.

—“A safe COMPANION, and an EASY Friend.”—Pope.

VOL. I.

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No. 9.

THE PRICE OF THIS PAPER IS THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM, PAYABLE
HALF-YEARLY IN ADVANCE...NO PAPER WILL BE SENT OUT OF
THE CITY, WITHOUT PREVIOUS PAYMENT, OR SURETY IN TOWN.

*Ah! what is life thus spent? and what are they
But frantic, who thus spend it? all for smoke...
Eternity for bubbles, proves at last
A senseless bargain.*

COWPER.

Mr. Easy,

AS the earth has now nearly performed another revolution, the essayist who endeavours to awaken a little reflection, may be considered as discharging an appropriate duty. To those who properly appreciate the value of existence, twelve months form a very important period—an awful responsibility attaches to it; for “the moral agent cannot blot from the book of his life one single passage he has put down there, however offensive it may prove to the eye of his remembrance.” A celebrated writer has beautifully observed, “The lapse of time is silent and unseen, it flows without the whisper of a sound, and without the shadow of a form.” Under the influence of these impressions, I shall take the liberty of submitting for your consideration, a short review of customs and manners, and their operation upon society; and should I be sufficiently fortunate to correct the germs of false taste, stifle the seeds of dissipation in the immoral, allure the careless by guarding them against the quicksands of indifference, stimulate the virtuous to persevering ardour, and incite the devout to undeviating rectitude, most truly happy shall I feel.

My first observation springs from a very common and familiar remark, How dull and stupid is this city! while those who make it little suspect the share of the censure that recoils upon themselves. My experience and observation enable me to contradict the position, as I am confident, if properly fostered, as much talent and as much genius are to be found in this city, considering its population, as in any one within the Union. The expression would not escape the individual who properly appreciated

happiness. It is true, we are all in pursuit of her; but it occurs not unfrequently that we miss the road. The excellent Jortin has asked, “Where is happiness to be found? where is her dwelling place? not where we seek her, and where we expect to find her. *Happiness is a modest recluse*, who seldom shews her face in the polite or busy world. She is the sister and companion of religious wisdom.” Happiness is supposed to consist with us in the acquisition of property; it is the fashion to consider this as the best and most certain introduction to society; and a man of unobtrusive manners, however great his abilities, will often find it very difficult to command access to what is called respectable company, without possessing this grand desideratum. Conversing once with a friend upon this subject, he not unaptly remarked, “*Merit went by weight.*” If the remark were appropriate, if expansion of mind is pertinaciously depreciated, if the cultivation of education and its consequent refinements present so many obstacles to the attraction of notice, what stimulus is held out for improvement? It must be conceded, that great allowance should be made, by contemplating the recent rise of this country, and its consequent aggrandisement from political accidents, far beyond what true policy would have required. The sudden influx of wealth by the neutrality of America whilst Europe was shaken to its centre by the ravages of war, has generated a degree of luxury, and incited a false spirit of imitation, injurious and prejudicial. It has originated refinements which the moralist, and most certainly the religious must disapprove as they are not essential, but dispassionately viewed, must be deemed hostile to settled happiness and real comfort.

O Luxury!

Bane of elated life, of affluent states!
What dreary change, what ruin, is not there?
How doth thy bowl intoxicate the mind!
To the soft entrance of thy rosy bow'r
How dost thou lure...the fortunate and great!

As one erroneous and fatal result of luxury, I have often

thought too much attention on the part of females is paid to dress, and as in the external embellishments of a house, so much is sometimes expended as not to allow the means for internal decoration, an inference is not unfrequently drawn, that the tinsel upon the gauze is emblematical of the imbecility of the mind. I hope it will be my good fortune to see that day when the contest for gaudy attire will cease, and be exchanged for improvements in knowledge and virtue. The former principle opens an avenue for so many passions, so much imprudence, and not unfrequently involves in its consequences so many in ruin, that the bare consideration of the subject creates pain—whilst the latter are so gratifying to the feelings, and alluring in the estimation of the wise and good; so pregnant with utility, and so beneficial in their tendency, that one would suppose a moment's reflection sufficient to flash conviction, and stimulate to their attainment. I think another radical error exists in the premature introduction of females into company. It creates an idle dissipated habit, generates a false taste, creates a disgust and dread of solitude, and occupies so much time as to preclude the acquisition of any additional knowledge beyond the small stock acquired at the academy. Parents, in my humble opinion, ill discharge their duty, who suffer their children to consume whole weeks without devoting one moment to reflection or improvement. At school the young mind is necessarily forced; the application of that knowledge in an intercourse with the world, must and will depend upon judicious association and sedentary application. A pretty face will pass with a few, but let it be remembered

“Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye and palls upon the sense.”

To me a beautiful woman with an uncultivated mind has ever appeared an object of commiseration. I recollect to have heard a lady under twenty years of age (equally remarkable for her beauty as her moral endowments, blending the most placid good nature with sweetness of disposition) express a wish to return to school, and compensate lost time by the resumption of her studies. The sentiment was excellent; and although

The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex,
she still felt something was wanting, or rather the accomplishments she already possessed excited a thirst for increased knowledge: and it may be depended upon, that a lady never conciliates, or fascinates, or becomes so attractive, as when, in addition to good nature, she superadds the advantages of polished sense.

Let me briefly dilate upon these qualifications, as they operate upon mankind in general, and influence the men

in particular. Connected and dependant as the sexes are upon each other, experience sanctions the truth of the observation, that the conduct of the women has great sway with the world. In proportion as the women became influential in society, so in proportion has been the progress of civilization. The records of history prove their power, and hardly a page can be pointed out that is not blazoned with a display of female virtue, fortitude, and heroism. Let the Roman daughter who nursed her imprisoned father, let Cornelia who displayed her children as her most valued jewels, let the dying wife of Pætus bear illustrious testimony to the truth of the remark. Let the women bear in mind and endeavour to imitate the examples of such an illustrious band; and let them convince the men that compliments upon their persons and admiration of their dress are not the only means of conciliating favour. Let them draw around them the well informed and collect the well principled. Thus conversation will pass without the necessity for a blush, and remembrance will hang upon sentiments advanced by the man of honour, with pleasing and gratifying sensations. If such be the foundation of female conduct, a new current will be given to conversation, a new stimulus excited, and the question will no longer be, who can talk the most nonsense in a given space of time, but who stands highest in estimation for intellectual attainments, dignified virtue, and religious knowledge?

I believe the remarks I have made, and others that I could point out, are in a very great degree attributable to the false indulgence of parents. They are little aware of the mischief thus engendered, as no truth can be better or more strongly supported, than that the consequence of the rising generation must depend upon the reverence felt for age. If once this clue is lost, the corner stone of the fabric becomes brittle, and inevitably crumbles into dust. It is their incumbent duty to give a proper direction to the occupations and amusements of their children. A quotation occurs to me from a celebrated work on the gratifications to be derived from the cultivation of taste, and is expressed in such glowing colours that it would be vanity in me to presume I could dress up the same ideas in language equally beautiful. “The man of taste extends his observations to the appearances of nature as well as the productions of art. He discovers beauties wherever they are to be found in the works of God and of men, and is charmed with the harmony and order of the different parts of the creation, and with the endless variety of new objects, which nature presents to his view. The flowers as they disclose their vivid hues, the animals that move in

“comely symmetry, the ocean that now spreads its smooth surface, and now heaves its tempestuous waves on high, the mountains that swell in rugged majesty, the vallies clothed in verdant attire, the splendid luminary whose beams disclose the beauties of the world, and who decks the face of nature with brighter charms, the blue concave of heaven spangled with endless stars, and illumined by the soft effulgence of the moon; all these come under the observation of taste, and supply it with abundant sources of enjoyment.” When once a relish is attained for the beauties of nature, the mind will soon turn itself to the Author of all—Nature’s God.—The true end and use of attending in church will be examined and felt. Religion will then from conviction become a source of delight. The scriptures will cease to be an unfashionable book—cease to be thrown aside upon the introduction of a stranger, as a book to be ashamed of; but will be studied both from a sense of duty and an admiration excited by its various beauties. The following testimony of Sir Wm. Jones, written in his own bible, will justify the assertion. “I have regularly and attentively read these holy scriptures, and am of opinion that this volume, independently of its divine origin, contains more simplicity and beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of piety and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they may have been written.” Without the consolations of religion nothing is intrinsically valuable in this life. It holds out a solace for adversity, and stems the too rapid current of prosperity. Let it be impressed upon the minds of all, the young and the old, that devotion may be sustained without ostentation, and religion without hypocrisy. In sickness or in health, in poverty or affluence, all sooner or later will appeal to its consolations. The wisest and best men amongst us have experienced its joys; and events in the varied and chequered world in which we are placed, have proved all others unless accompanied with this, fleeting and evanescent.

I have now, sir, nearly fulfilled the task I sat out with—my ideas, if not new, will, I yet hope, prove attractive. Enlightened as is the present age, the moralist can only expect to please by clothing familiar ideas in new colours. Some may deem an apology necessary for a redundancy of quotation—if any merit should attach to these reflections, it consists in bringing the sentiments of ingenious writers (which otherwise would have remained neglected) before the publick. It may induce a thirst for enquiry, an incentive to research, an attachment to reading; and if these be attained, and in one solitary instance successful, a

most important purpose will be answered by the employment of my time. Allow me to add, I have not alluded to any one particular character, and consequently the feelings of no one individual can be wounded. As I commenced with an observation on the progress of time, and as a very few hours will shut the present year upon us, I hope one more beautiful extract from a popular sermon will not be unacceptable. Those who read thus far, may most safely proceed, as it contains

“Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”.....

I dare not panegyryze its beauties, but leave it to every feeling susceptible mind. “When a few more years, at the most, have rolled over us, when a few more summers have shone, when a few more winters have lower’d, a few more springs have smiled upon us—the probation of every one of us will be over, we shall all be laid down in that unconscious bed, where we shall have no more share in all that is done under the sun, or in all that is done under its benignant operation.”

CRITO.

THE TRIFLER—No. IV.

[Discordant principles in contact came.]

I suppose, Mr. Easy, you have been ready to conclude that I had taken my leave of this world: No, Sir, not so fast—I have been admiring the alacrity with which writers come forward, to assist you in your useful labours. I do assure you, I sometimes thought there would be no more room in the COMPANION for the speculations or old papers of the *Trifler*; but, in self-defence, to avoid the stigma that “*Thoughtful’s*” observations might have a tendency to attach to me, I beg leave to declare, that I never intentionally used an argument against the propriety or necessity of our *giving and being given in marriage*. That I may have many times intimated the utility of endeavouring to match more equally than is too often the case, I will not deny—and a domestic scene that I witnessed a few evenings since, determined me to write to you on the subject. As the result of the conversation proves as favourable to you, as it did pleasing to me, I trust you will notice it.

In a small company—for, being rather diffident, as my friends term it; downright bashful, I know it is; I generally prefer such meetings; where every one, without being too closely eyed, can have a chance of speaking at times—the *Trifler’s Dream* was mentioned; knowing that none of the company knew me, I soon became very anxious to have a trial, *incog.* accordingly helped not a little to get the debate under way.

"I think," said LOUISA, (a married lady, of pretty address) "this Trifler is some old Batchelor, who is used to crying, *Sour grapes!*—he must have been disappointed in his expectation of obtaining the hand of some young lady, who has been tired of waiting on his cold calculations, and bestowed it on a more generous rival."—"No, ma'am," says Mr. SHALLOW, (who I soon found to be shallow enough, indeed) he has given a d— good picture of Mrs. Shallow, and, I've no doubt, of many others;—I'm frequently attacked much in that way, when I return home at night. She is so everlastingly pestering me about books, and papers, of one kind or another, that I'm often glad to make my escape from the company of a parcel of her acquaintance, you would suppose them, for she's as well acquainted with the writings of Steele, and Addison, and Pope, &c. as"—"as you are, cousin, with the properties of brandy, and wine, and gin, &c." replied LAVINIA, who appeared well acquainted with the family broils of this ignoramus.—"Don't you think, Mr.—," said this sweet little creature, turning to me—who had as yet taken no part in the discourse—"he curs'd and swore away the other day at cousin — because she asked him to subscribe to the COMPANION for her; saying he supposed it was some such thing as the books she and I were always talking about when we had no company;—that one half the girls now-a-days was'n't worth house room — what business had they with Spectators, and the like? — he remembered that when he was a young man, and a single man, they didn't meddle so much with matters beyond their possible comprehension. They might read a novel now and then, he said, or some curious story; but they had no business with polite literature, with history or politicks, or science of any kind, that extended beyond the management of family concerns. He has run on in this way, before now, till I have been almost disgusted, willing to conclude that some men were designed to live in caves and wilds, where the sweets of innocent rational conversation never came. Don't you think it strange, now, Mr. —, that an accomplished young woman could ever consent to throw herself away after such men as my cousin Shallow?"

I could have listened till midnight to the pleasing conversation of this intelligent, unaffected child of simplicity—for although I detest slander, or any thing related to the common mode of *character-canvassing*, yet, on a subject so nearly allied to our best interests here, as matrimony most unquestionably is, I felt that we had a right to enquire into the madness of some matches. For, as Lavinia said, is it not strange, that persons will delibe-

ately, and with eyes open, nail themselves for life to other persons so utterly dissimilar in manners, in sentiment, nay, constitutionally opposed to them in every point of view? Suppose a common drayman, who had never seen the inside of a book in his life, and changed shirts about once in a quarter, with tobacco-stained chaps, and unwieldy rough shod feet, should make overtures to a delicate genteel-bred young lady—in what terms would you undertake to convey your opinion of her, were she to accept the offer?—And yet, if this uncouth heap of moving clay, be but a tolerable christian, how much less irrational the match, than that of the illiterate and besotted (though high-bred) Mr. ANTIMAN SHALLOW, and his amiable partner!

Whilst I was all attention to Lavinia's discourse, who never dreamt she was entertaining the Trifler; and who, through her zeal for the rights of women, was fast forgetting that she was talking to a stranger to their domestick matters; we were suddenly interrupted by a torrent of profane language from Shallow, who, from being beat out of countenance by Louisa in the argument, swore "he'd burn every book in his house that very night." Considerably irritated at the unmanly behaviour of this turbulent, Louisa declared she would send Mrs. Shallow her file of the Companion, and subscribe for another copy.

Thus was my trial abruptly adjourned, without day, and I marched home, as did the valiant Shallow, pitying the hard fate of an amiable woman, who, from a want of due reflection, has become the unhappy wife of an animal fit only to *hew wood and draw water*. T.

P. S. If I can have a proper opportunity with the enchanting Lavinia, when there are no *Shallows* or *Fribbles* present, I may yet furnish you with a copy of my trial.

From the *old chest* I send you another extract—it is from an English writer to his young friend, advising him how to chuse a wife.]

—Those who have an idea of entering on this state should remember, that though man and wife are *two* persons, to be really happy they must be as *one* flesh. They are required by the law of religion, and the laws of reason, to be *dear to each other as their own souls*; the attachment between them should, for their mutual and real felicity, be as great as that subsisting between the various bones and members of their natural body. Their wishes should meet in one centre, their actions be directed to one point, they should for each other be as earnest to overcome difficulties, and lessen the afflictions of the journey of life, as their limbs

are, from their formation and position, mechanically earnest (if I may so express it) to surmount those difficulties which might impede the execution of those designs for which they were originally intended. They should be ever ready to overlook each other's imperfections, to wink at each other's weaknesses, to put the best construction on each other's actions, they should endeavour mutually to ease life's difficulties here, and by pleasant, edifying, and virtuous conversation, fit each other to enjoy eternal blessedness beyond the grave.— * * * *

—I daily lament that *so much* of the time of young people should be devoted to the *secondary* objects of music, dancing, finery and drawing, and *so little*, comparatively speaking, to their improvement in those particulars which are *essentially necessary* in the mother and the wife. But as such is the custom of the present times, how much does it behove every man, who has the least regard for his own happiness, to be considerate and careful in the choice of his companion. Beauty, they should remember, every day falls off; the most opulent fortune may, from untoward circumstances, be completely reduced;—but DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT, CONJUGAL ATTACHMENT, and RELIGIOUS INCLINATIONS, will last when beauty and fortune are gone, will be unshaken through the vicissitudes of time, and will ensure eternal felicity. Let every one in fixing on this great and important concern look within the veil, shut his eye to every external grace, view the furniture adorning the mind, and fix upon a woman valuable for her inward graces, not for the comeliness of her person, or the weightiness of her purse. I am bold to assert, if this were the plan pursued, marriages would be more happy, and there would be fewer of those trials which have lately so often disgraced an English court of justice, and hurt the ears of an English jury.

Previous to forming any connection, I would earnestly recommend every young person to read Dr. COTTON's excellent poem on the *Fire Side*, every passage is worthy observation; the poetry is neat, and the advice and picture of conjugal felicity admirably described. For the sake of brevity, I shall conclude with quoting two of his verses:

Our fortune is not large indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few:
In this, the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

In these lines, he shows the folly of searching merely for riches, *nature's calls are few*. Never sacrifice your comfort to golden dust; cherish domestic economy, and you will be completely happy. Again,

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle powers,
We, who improve its golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, RIGHTLY UNDERSTOOD,
Gives to the prudent, and the good,
A Paradise below.

He has truly said, none but fools can despise marriage. Every unsatisfied desire, every difficulty or disagreeable attendant on the marriage state, does not arise from *the state itself*, but is owing to the folly of the *disunited* pair. If, on the contrary, the choice be wisely directed, and the institution properly understood, then the difficulties of life are diminished, its evils lessened, its blessings and comforts multiplied, and it may properly be stiled, *A Paradise below*.

LETTER III.

To Eliza.

Three days have now nearly elapsed since I addressed you my last, and I have not yet received a reply. This circumstance has given me the greatest distress. How am I to account for it? Is my fairest Eliza inexorable? Is she determined to deny me even the sweet pleasure of her converse, and that too at a moment when life is bereft of every joy? Will she withdraw the only prop which supports my haggard spirits? Will she, in refusing me happiness, endeavour to make me miserable? Oh forgive the wanderings of an almost hopeless lover. I know that my charming Eliza, the most refined, mild, and compassionate of her sex, will never inflict a wound where she cannot administer a cure; and will, with sympathetick tenderness, wipe the tear which she has caused to flow.

My letter is not received—an accident has happened to it—or there is some other reason for the delay. I will wait her answer with all the patience I can call to my aid.

In my present state of suspense I often brood over the fair prospects which my imagination fondly painted to me: serenity without a cloud, happiness without alloy, and rapture without satiety. But alas! my cruel destiny will never give me an opportunity of proving that the high colourings of passion may sometimes be realised.

I fear the dearest hopes of my life, too easily excited, and imprudently ventured, are shipwrecked, and the darling prospect of matrimony, warmed into existence by the uncontrollable ardour of my heart, is overcast with impenetrable darkness.

Your beauty, though the most delicate and attractive, I may expect to find in another, and from its having had the least influence in fixing my affections, I shall not so much regret: But your good sense, your amiable, mild, affec-

tionate disposition, formed to conciliate and secure friendship; your enriched and accomplished understanding; your sprightly vivacity, equal spirits, and engaging manners, which are equally remote from supercilious hauteur and undignified familiarity—the warm effusions of a heart which, happy itself, delights in making others so.—These are qualities which having never met with in so great a degree, I am led to believe are peculiar to yourself, and that I shall never again find united in any other woman.

These are the foundations of my love—on such a basis with a kind return it must increase, as our acquaintance would expand and would become stronger and more ardent with time. Old age, while it would extend to the body its destructive influence, would impart to it a renovating vigour; and while the lapse of time would be gradually wafting me to the bourne to which we are all destined, my tender passion would enliven every scene, and afford solace in every vicissitude.

Oh, Eliza, did you but know the agonies I feel while I dictate these lines, your tender heart would dilate with sympathy—and if you could not, I know you would wish to assuage my misery.

I assure you I feel a passion for you I cannot give utterance to, and to conquer which I fear all efforts will prove ineffectual. Not only your heavenly countenance is impressed upon my soul—not only every word which I could in the least construe in favour of my passion is engraven on my memory, never to be effaced; but a kind of sacred value attaches to every thing which tends to bring to my recollection any past scenes, when I was so presumptuous as to suppose I enjoyed your smiles. When passing through a field or wood, where I have roved with you in pastoral innocence, the tree that we have carved our names on, or the eglantine from which I gathered a garland, strike my eye, and find a kind of interest in my breast, because they have witnessed the happiest moments of my life—I feel a tender regard towards the depository of the richest possessions of my heart, which I never before felt for any of my sex, which seems to enervate the tone of my mind, and which nothing could inspire but the reflection that I have poured out to him the ardent love I bear for you. Every object, every circumstance, every idea, which my mind can associate with you, becomes dear to me, and every recurrence of your beauteous image seems, if possible, to deepen the impressions which are never to be eradicated.

How to act or what to write I am altogether at a loss. I cannot discover whether your refusal is occasioned by some part of my late conduct, or whether you never did ap-

prove of me as a husband. You say “you are sorry you cannot reciprocate—that you always had a great respect for me—that you feel highly complimented by my choice, and that you would be glad to see me as a friend, but hope I will think of nothing more.” Oh fairest Eliza, *do* lay aside ceremony, and *do* fully impart to me the cause of this peremptory dismissal—and—may the protection of heaven eternally forsake me if ever I abuse your confidence. This request may be branded a strange and ungenerous one; but for one who devotedly loves you, do consent to wave all form and custom in this respect, that I may either fortify myself against my irrevocable fate, or that (as I have always found you placible and mild, tho’ firm and resolute) I may propitiate you, by making any concessions which your generous mind could require.

Perhaps I may write presumptuously, but believe me true when I subscribe myself your unfeigned lover,

CONSTANTIUS.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE—AN EXTRACT.

—WALDEN was playing on his flute in a slow and pensive strain, when the mournful cries of a child and the complaining voice of a woman struck his ears.

—“Oh! merciful God!” exclaimed the poor creature, “hear with compassion the moans of my unhappy babe!”

Walden ceased to play, and looking over the hedge, he surveyed the child with compassion, as the woman lay on the grass to rest herself: he asked her in a soft voice, why the poor infant cried.

“He is hungry,” replied the woman, weeping bitterly, “we have not had any thing to eat since yesterday morning.”

“Gracious God! since yesterday morning! wait here a few minutes, and I will return.”

He flew away with incredible swiftness, and reappeared in a short time, with a bowl of milk and a small loaf, towards which the child stretched out his little arms, and the woman to whom he delivered them began to feed it.

“Sit down, my good woman, and eat of it yourself,” said Walden, “I will take care of your infant.” Placing himself on the grass beside it, he dipped a bit of the loaf in the milk, and patiently assisted his little famished charge.

The child looked up in his face and smiled: Walden pleased and affected at this intuitive mark of gratitude, kissed its little forehead.

“What is your occupation?” he asked the woman, who was eating with avidity: “you are, I suppose, the mother of this little creature. Where do you live?”

"No, it is not my own," replied she, "and I did not know his parents. I am the wife of a poor soldier, my worthy Sir, and I have travelled from beyond Berlin a great way; my husband had been away from me three years, and I wanted to see him again—for I loved him dearly. My own two little children I left with their grandmother; and I sold every thing I did not absolutely want at home, that I might carry him a little trifle of money. Accordingly, I set out, and got to the end of my journey, just as my husband had marched with his corps, to drive a party of Austrians from some little village; so, when it was all over, and they had done what they had been ordered, I ran to the place to meet him."

Here the poor woman burst into tears. "And when I got there, he was dying of his wounds; yet he knew me, and stretched out his hand, saying, 'Oh! Annette!—our children!'"—These were his last words:—I thought I should have died too; but God willed, for the sake of our little ones and this babe, that I should live. In the same house, where my poor husband expired, was the wife of an Austrian soldier, who died two days afterwards, and left this babe, which nobody upon earth seemed to care about. Almost all the village had been burned down, and all the inhabitants had run away; so that when our soldiers marched, I begged them to take the poor child with them; but then, they said to me—"What could we do with it?"—And that was very true; but, to let the child stay, and die with hunger, was impossible; so I resolved to take it, let what would happen: and I set out, to return to my own home, with the young thing in my arms. In my way I was weary enough; but I never met with any body that took compassion on me or my burden, so I walked on; but I fell sick, as you may see by my looks, and spent the little money I had left, and then I sold my clothes and every thing I could spare—all went, except these poor rags: yet, still, I thought, if I could but get home I should do very well. I am used to hard work, and I could even do for this little creature, who has nobody in the whole world but me to put a morsel of bread into its poor mouth; so I can't bear to let it starve!"

As she said this, she pressed the child to her bosom, and her tears dropped upon it as she repeated—"If I was but able to work—or, I could but get enough to keep it till I reach my home!"

"Poor babe!" said Walden, "poor, yet happy creature, who, in losing her who gave thee birth, found a second mother!—eyes that drop tears of pity on thy lot, and a heart that loves thee!—No, thou shalt not from hard necessity be deserted!"

Walden then wrote upon a leaf of his pocket-book the name of the woman, and that of the village where, she informed him, she lived with her family; and, giving her a small sum of money, promised that he would remit the same to her every year.

The woman, on holding the gold in her hand, which had never contained so much before, exclaimed—"Oh! this is too much, worthy Sir,"—and being desired to keep it, she added—"we shall now be too rich, indeed!—my own little ones, and this one, and their grandmother, we shall all be rich!"

"Good creature!" exclaimed Walden, with emotion, "you are rich indeed, in a heart to which all other riches are dross! your humanity to this orphan will be better rewarded; but, if this were my last crown, you should have it.—Hasten away, or I may be tempted to take the child, to have the pleasure of bringing it up, that it may love me as it will you."

On hearing this, the woman hastily pressed the infant to her bosom, and giving Walden a farewell benediction, pursued her journey with alacrity.

ANECDOTIC GLEANINGS.

PLAYING WITH TIME.

A gentleman once came in upon his nephew, who was amusing himself with his violin. "I am afraid, Charles," said he, "you *lose time* with this fiddling." I endeavor, Sir, to *keep time*. "Don't you rather *kill time*?" No, sir, I only *beat* it.

A QIBBLING APOLOGY.

A poor pun will sometimes answer a good purpose. A baker once calling upon Mr. Justice Jones, of Coventry, with the last loaf in his basket, was observed, as he returned through the court yard, to lay hold of a fat goose, on which his worship, who was in one of the upper windows, bawled out, *Baker! Baker! Baker!* The varlet took no notice, but trudged off with his prize. When the justice, in the afternoon coming to his house, and asking him how he could have the villanous impudence to take the goose? "God bless your worship, (returned he) I only did as you commanded,—you bid me *bake her*, and and so I did, and drank your worship's health at the eating of her."—"Tis a poor pun, (said the justice) but it shall make thy peace."

A LITTLE DISTINCTION.

"An attorney (says an ingenious writer) is the same thing to a barrister, that an apothecary is to a physician, with this difference, that your lawyer does not deal in scruples."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGY ON A MOTH, BURNT IN A CANDLE.

Poor Moth is gone! Ye insect tribe advance!
 Cease for a while your idle, giddy dance,
 Approach, ye painted flutterers! raise your eyes,
 In yonder candle your companion lies.
 E'er now he was as gay, as blythe as you,
 And gladly join'd to sip the evening dew;
 Sweet were the flow'rs that deck'd the shaded vale,
 And night clos'd in with April's gentlest gale;
 Zephyrs were wafted in the cooling air,
 These he partook—nor ever dreamt of care—
 His fair wings flutter'd in the setting sun,
 And from the highest branch the blossom won,
 Still had he liv'd—but passing near a stream
 Whose surface caught the day's departing gleam,
 He saw the beauty of his gilded wing,
 The glowing colors from the water spring,
 And vainly cried, "What glowing tints are these!
 "How form'd my eyes, my air, my wings, to please!
 "Lost in a desert thus shall I remain?
 "The Sun's dull lustre ill reflects the train
 "Of beauties that I boast! Ah! let me fly
 "To yonder mansion! There to fix the eye
 "Of some admiring crowd! in splendid light
 "My golden colors will be doubly bright—"
 Pride's little pageant sought the burning snare,
 And fell a victim to Ambition's glare.

Oh! thoughtless man! let his experience shew
 How wisely Providence ordains below:
 E'en to each insect points the devious way
 Where vanity and folly lead astray.
 Let not ambition tempt you to forego
 Your native vales where purest pleasures grow;
 But tread the course by nature's will ordain'd,
 Where virtue follow'd, is the prize that's gain'd:
 Thus shall ye happy pass the varying year,
 Nor feel one pang that conscience cannot bear.

THE VICTIM OF LOVE.

I soon shall forget all my woe,
 And fly from this dwelling of pain;
 In death's silent chambers laid low,
 The wretched shall cease to complain.

My bosom's a stranger to rest,
 And cheerless I pass the long day;
 And night brings no peace to my breast,
 For sleep flies affrighted away.

I heed not the music of mirth,
 Its charms can no pleasure impart;
 The ties that once bound me to earth
 Are broken, and with them, my heart.

When the winds of the heavens are still,
 And moon-beams are kissing the wave,
 In the church-yard above on the hill,
 I visit my poor infant's grave.

It sleeps there, unmindful of scorn,
 Or the frowns of a too cruel fate;
 That were ready, ere scarce it was born,
 To mark it an object of hate.

Oh! dear as it was to my heart,
 In the slumber of death as it lay,
 I could not but bless the fell dart—
 'Twas mercy that call'd it away.

The roses refuse not to bloom
 With fragrance, around its dear urn;
 The lilies too, shed their perfume,
 And seem as they're waving, to mourn.

When nature's fond struggles expire,
 And life's current ceases to play,
 Then Henry perhaps, may desire
 To visit the spot where we lay.

When shrouded in death's darkest gloom,
 Should he weep o'er the grave where we rest,
 My spirit would rise from the tomb,
 And press his lov'd form to its breast.

But soft! ere death's powers prevent,
 And life, from my bosom's remov'd;
 Oh! Henry, how could you consent,
 To ruin the maid that you lov'd!

SOLUS.

SELECTED POETRY.

A SONG IN PRAISE OF WOMAN.

Oft through trackless deserts straying,
 Unattended, unsupplied;
 Sorrow on my bosom preying,
 Comfort to my heart denied;
 Man would treat a fellow creature,
 Now with friendship, now disdain;
 But o'er woman's gentle nature,
 Pity ever seem'd to reign.

Hearts with charity o'erflowing,
 Touch'd at sorrow's plaintive tale;
 Lips, a soothing balm bestowing,
 When the stings of woe assail;
 No ungen'rous pride opposes
 Pity, with unkind delay;
 But the female hand uncloses,
 Bounteous as the op'ning day.

Form'd from nature's choicest treasures,
 Virtues all in her unite;
 Life's short path she strews with pleasures,
 Goddess of supreme delight!
 Homely fare to me be given,
 Sweet the limpid stream will prove,
 Earth will be a little Heaven,
 With the woman that I love.

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